

Home Mission Echoes

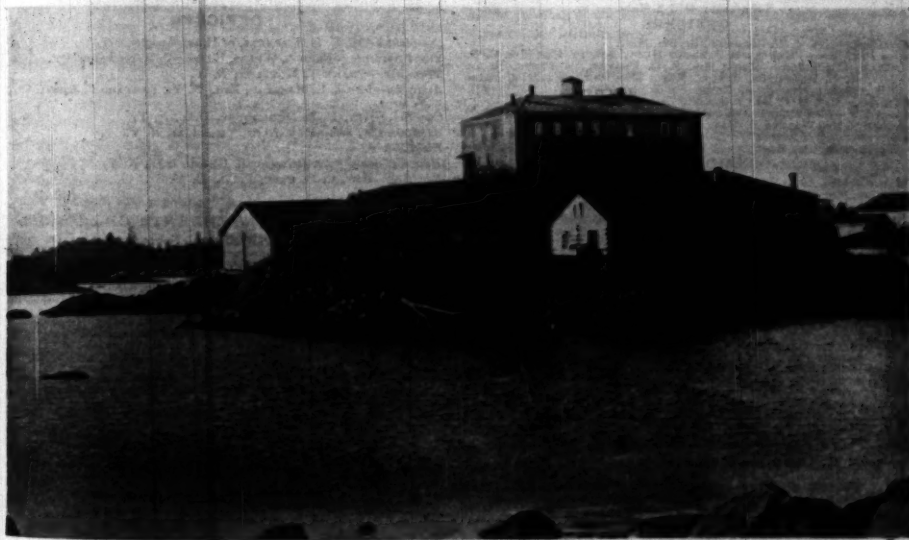
"The Country for which I lifted up mine hand to give to your fathers"

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second class mail matter, Jan. 9, 1897

Vol. XI

FEBRUARY, 1908

No. 2



BARANOFF CASTLE.

COURTESY BOSTON ALASKAN.

From which the American Flag first floated in Alaska.

510 Tremont Temple
Boston

HOME MISSION ECHOES

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make an interesting and instructive Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features and illustrations. Mrs. N. N. Bishop is the General Editor, and will have entire charge of the Home Mission Society's Department. Rev. Howard B. Gross, D. D., has charge of the Woman's American Baptist Society's Department. All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to Mrs. N. N. Bishop, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

NOTE THE REMARKABLY LOW TERMS: Subscription price per year, twenty-five cents. Five copies and upwards to one address yearly, twenty cents each.

Pastors, Sunday School Superintendents and all friends of Home Missions are invited to promote the circulation of the paper.

HOME MISSION ECHOES will be sent to all subscribers until ordered to be discontinued, when all arrears must be paid.

All money and letters pertaining to subscriptions should be sent to Gertrude L. Davis, Business Manager of HOME MISSION ECHOES, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

THE WOMAN'S AMERICAN BAPTIST HOME MISSION SOCIETY

510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

Telephone: 4897-3 Main.

OFFICERS

President.—Mrs. G. W. COLLEMAN, Boston, Mass.
Vice Presidents.—Mrs. ANNA SARGENT HUNT, Auburn, Me.; Mrs. C. F. BYAN, Charlestown, Mass.; Mrs. F. O. DRAPER, Pawtucket, R. I.; Mrs. H. B. Houghton, Boston, Mass.; Miss FRILLA WHIFFLER, Pittsfield, Mass.; Mrs. S. A. TRUE, Brookline, Mass.
Cor. Sec.—Mrs. M. C. RETHOLIN, 510 Tremont Temple.
Treasurer.—Miss GERTRUDE L. DAVIS, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston.
Editor.—Mr. WALTER S. RAY, Boston.
Superintendent of Alaska Work.—Mrs. JAMES McWHINNIE, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

VICE-PRESIDENTS OF STATES

MAINE.—Mrs. ANNA SARGENT HUNT, Auburn, Me.; Assistant, for Eastern Maine, Mrs. GRACE H. THOMPSON, 54 Blackstone St., Bangor; Assistant for Western Maine, Mrs. M. B. HOWE, Ridgelyville.
NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Mrs. M. T. HOAGUE, Concord; Assistant, Mrs. F. L. KRAFT, Lebanon.
VERMONT.—Mrs. J. A. GREENWOOD, Chastell.
EASTERN MASSACHUSETTS.—Mrs. E. R. CHRISTOPHER, 12 Spring Hill Street, Somerville.
WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS.—Mrs. JOHN HILBRETH, Holyoke, Mass.; Assistant, Mrs. HERBERT E. TRAYER, 77 Garfield St., Springfield, Mass.
BROOK ISLAND.—Mrs. M. E. HYDE, Providence; Assistant, Mrs. G. W. RUSLER, Westbury.
CONNECTICUT.—Mrs. E. DEWBURN, Voluntown; Assistant Miss MARY L. HOWARD, Hartford.
 ALL ORDERS FOR LETTERS AND NEWS-SHOTS should be sent to Mrs. JAMES McWHINNIE, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, also all correspondence relating to ALASKA matters. ALL OTHER CORRESPONDENCE relating to the Society should be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. M. C. RETHOLIN, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston.

Publications.

FEW leaflets are constantly being added to the list of publications. An especially interesting one, just out, is a history of The Kodiak Baptist Orphanage, by Superintendent Coe. Price 2 cents and postage.

A synopsis to facilitate the study of Negro Neighbors has been prepared by Mrs. James E. McWhinnie. Furnished free with the book.

We are anticipating the first number of World Wide, the new missionary paper for Sunday Schools, published by our Publication Society. There is every reason to expect a very interesting, helpful paper.

Keep in Mind.

THE Woman's Home Mission Conference at Northfield, in July, 1908. State Vice-Presidents, Directors, and Presidents of Circles, as well as the women in the churches, need this added impulse in Home Mission work.

Our Finances.

The burden of debt rests heavily on the officers of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society. Will you help to lighten it by making an offering toward the \$24,062.99 which we must receive before April 1, 1908.

GERTRUDE L. DAVIS, Treas.

THE AMERICAN BAPTIST HOME MISSION SOCIETY

General Office, 315 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City

OFFICERS

President.—Col. E. H. HARKELL, of Massachusetts.
Vice-Presidents.—FRED A. WELLS, Illinois; D. K. EDWARDS, Cal.
Treasurer.—FRANK T. MOUTON, N. Y.
Auditors.—EDGAR L. MARSTON, Esq., N. Y.; LEONARD F. REGAN, Esq., N. Y.
Cor. Sec.—REV. H. L. MOSEBROOK, D.D., N. Y.
Assistant Cor. Sec.—REV. ALICE TURNBULL, N. Y.
Field Sec.—
Editorial Sec.—REV. HOWARD B. GROSS, D.D., N. Y.
Rec. Sec.—REV. C. D. CASE, Ph.D., N. Y.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENTS OF MISSIONS

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.—Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Colorado, New Mexico, Wyoming, Utah, and Arizona.—N. B. BAIRDEN, D. D., 221 N. Y. Life Building, Omaha, Neb.
PACIFIC COAST DIVISION.—Washington, Idaho, Oregon, Nevada, California, Montana and Alaska.—G. A. WOODCOCK, D. D., 302 Goodnight Building, Portland, Oregon.
UPPER MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.—Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota and Wisconsin.—O. A. WILLIAMS, D. D., Minneapolis, Minn.
THE FRENCH IN NEW ENGLAND.—REV. J. N. WILLIAMS, 19 Ave. B, Providence, R. I.
THE GERMAN.—REV. G. A. SCHULTE, 312a Charles Street, West Hoboken, N. J.
DISTRICT SECRETARY FOR NEW ENGLAND.—REV. F. T. HARTWOOD, D. D., Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

AT the November All-Day Meeting of the Woman's Home Mission Society of the Westfield Association (Mass.), Mrs. John Hilbreth, State Vice-President for Western Massachusetts conducted a unique exercise, in which the children of the Orphanage were impersonated by the children of the Amherst Sunday School. Each child was introduced by name, and a short story told of the life of each. All present felt a better acquaintance with the Orphanage, and the members of its household. Try the plan.

Important.

Owing to the new postal regulations it becomes necessary for us to remind our subscribers of the necessity of keeping their subscriptions paid in advance, as otherwise we must pay regular postage on every subscription which is more than four months in arrears.

Holmes Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."—*Tennyson.*

Vol. XI.

FEBRUARY, 1908

No. 2

Editorial.

JUST as there were, at the time Alaska was purchased, many who questioned the advisability of such an act, some even who called it "Seward's Folly," so, when we established our work at Wood Island, there were those who doubted if such a mission would pay, or could be sustained there, but history has proved that action in both cases was wise.

Many people, if they think at all of Alaska, regard it as a great unexplored waste. To others it is a region given over to miners and explorers. It is indeed a fact that the supply of gold from Alaska has increased steadily during the past ten years. This year, in the face of the panic in the money market, the amount of gold poured into our treasury from Alaska, all free gold at that, will aggregate \$26,000,000. The prophecy for the next five years places the yearly out-put at \$50,000,000 a year.

But mining is not the only resource in Alaska. It may surprise many to learn that in this generally supposed cold country, there are splendid opportunities along agricultural lines, the only hindrance to rapid development therein being the lack of modern farming implements and the great expense attending their transportation to the territory. The climate for a considerable part of the year is mild (from the middle of April to the first of November) and on the shortest day, there are at least five hours of daylight.

William H. Seward said, "It must be a fastidious person who complains of a climate in which, while the eagle delights to soar, the humming bird does not disdain to flutter."

Some fine grazing and well-timbered lands are within the boundaries of Alaska, and the Outlook, in a recent number, says that Judge Howard, United States Commissioner, has a garden as far north as Coldfoot, and that a few weeks ago he sent samples of cucumbers, rhubarb, potatoes, and carrots to Sitka from what is probably the most northerly garden in the world. A citizen of Fairbanks also raised a fine crop of watermelons last summer, and a farmer at another point, it is claimed, has practically solved the Luther Burbank problem of turning the energy of the potato in its growth to producing potatoes instead of vines. When the knowledge obtained by such experiments, and by those of the Government stations is made generally accessible, as it will be in Government reports, Alaska will be in a position to utilize all its resources, and its progress will then be proportionately rapid.

But above the wealth of "silver and gold and cattle," Alaska means opportunity in the highest of all enterprises—the service of the King. What has been begun, and accomplished in the eleven years of work at Wood Island is a familiar story to most of our readers. The aim of this number is to present the work as prosecuted in Kodiak Baptist Orphanage, Wood Island, Alaska.

Burton Holmes says, "The Yosemite Valley is beautiful. The Yellowstone Park is wonderful. The Canyon of the Colorado is colossal, and Alaska is all of these." Into this region we desire to continue to carry the light of Everlasting Truth, and to delve among the inexhaustible treasures, for souls that shall be gems in the crown of Him, "whom we are and whom we serve."

"Ours is the seed-time, God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown.
Beyond our vision weak and dim,
The harvest time is hid with Him."

THE Editor was pleased recently to hear from a resident of Alaska, "The Orphanage, supported by your society, is the only home of its kind in Alaska for the many children who need such care and protection. It commends itself to the business men and thinking people throughout the entire territory."

Alaska.

"A country added
To a glory-crowned republic!
Not a blood-stained, cowering tribute
Lowering under smouldering ashes,—
Under ashes holding embers
That but wait a hand to fan them
Into fierce, rebellious flaming,
Into fires too hot for quenching,—
But a land made ours by purchase!
Bought, without a crimson signing
Of the title-deed that makes it
Part of this most noble Union."—*Salmon.*

Alaska.

BEFORE the close of 1908 there will have been changes in the corps of workers in our Alaska Mission. Mr. Coe's term of service will expire in June, and he feels that he must, for his children's sake, return to the States. For this purpose in July last he brought four of his children to McMinnville, Oregon, where he expects to make his home after leaving Alaska. McMinnville, is but twenty miles from Portland, Oregon, and its educational advantages are excellent. Mrs. M. G. Campbell, our faithful matron, came with him, and, after seeing them well settled in their new home Mr. Coe returned to the Mission, leaving the children in the care of Mrs. Campbell. At Seattle he met Miss Elizabeth Craumer of Reading, Pa., who returned with him to take Mrs. Campbell's place as matron.

Our readers will recall that in our February ECHOES of last year, Mr. Coe mentioned the great need of a kitchen. A generous New England friend responded with a gift of two hundred dollars for that purpose, and he is now building the kitchen, as well as doing all he can to leave the work in good condition for his successor. Mr. and Mrs. Coe have given eleven years of hard and faithful service, they have cared for the orphans as if they were their own; in this they have been ably assisted by Mr. Coldwell and the other co-workers.

During the past year there have been changes in the Orphanage. Some of the older girls have left and have found homes in Seward, Seattle and Valdez, and some of the older boys have gone out to care for themselves. A number of the children have been baptised until we now number thirty-seven, who have thus confessed their faith in Christ. The prayer-meeting and the Sunday services have been, and are, sources of comfort and strength. The improvement in the school work has been good, and the children have shown their willingness to help in all lines of work.

Mr. Coldwell cared for the Orphanage in the absence of Mr. Coe, and his wife rendered efficient aid, in Mrs. Campbell's place. Mrs. Coe, under the anxiety and care, has been in poor health, but is steadily improving. Letters from Miss Edna Coe and Miss Breese, the latter a government teacher, are encouraging, comforting and helpful.

Cause for Anxiety.

The amount appropriated for missionary work in Alaska last June was seven thousand five hundred dollars. This amount was to cover all salaries and all running expenses, and by running expenses we mean food, clothing for the children, for, though we send, annually, boxes of clothing to the mission, it is impossible to provide all necessary articles—many things must be purchased there. Running expenses cover also farming, and care of the cattle, pigs, ducks, and hens, for all these are a part of our mission plant.

For a mission so far away from its base of supplies, and where the cost of goods is large on account of freight charges, the amount designated is small.

If we, in our New England homes, find the present cost of living largely in excess of other years, the same is true in that far off land with the added expense of transportation.

We have entered the last quarter of our fiscal year, and when I tell you that but about three thousand dollars of the required Seventy-Five Hundred has been received up to date, you will not wonder that we have great cause for anxiety. We are anxious lest we fail of securing the required amount by April first. We are anxious lest our Sunday Schools and friends do not realize the imperative need of prompt and generous help. This Mission is the care of our New England Sunday Schools, and, while we are seeking to bring it to the knowledge of schools on the Pacific coast, at present it is our special charge and we must not neglect it.

We must meet our bills promptly and we cannot do this unless our friends are prompt in giving aid. These are hard times, trying times, but Oh, how much harder and more trying they would be had we not faith and hope and trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. Let that thought fill our hearts with joy and make us gladly and promptly do His will and care for His children.

—MRS. JAMES McWHINNIE.



ALASKA IN ITS INFANCY.

Courtesy Boston Alaska.

IN all our work, we continually desire to know the results of our efforts, therefore, the following may be of interest.

In the first days of the Orphanage, Alexander Naomoff was admitted, and was the first boy to be thus cared for. He profited by the Orphanage training, and was able to take a position in San Francisco. In his loneliness, in a strange land, he naturally turned to a Baptist Sunday School, and there was converted, the good seed that had been sown, springing up and bearing fruit. In the various positions he has held since then, the record is that he has invariably "made good," and has now established a home in Fresno, Cal., having married in the Autumn.

In our congratulations to him and his wife, we have an added joy in knowing that God, through the work of the Orphanage has allowed us to help in lifting this life to a higher plane.



MISS E. M. E. WINCH,
Donor of the Winch Dormitory,
Wood Island, Alaska.

From the Front.

THIS letter, from Miss Elisabeth Craumer, our newly appointed teacher at the Orphanage, gives a real glimpse of the work there:

"It does not seem possible that I have been in Wood Island almost two months, and yet it seems a long while since I left Pennsylvania.

The pictures I have seen of Wood Island do not compare with the real Island. This is an ideal spot for an Orphanage. There are about ten lakes on the Island, and they are so smooth and clear, the shadows can be seen very plainly. The woods are very dense, but are delightful retreats after a day of toil. At some places, the trunks of the trees and their branches are covered with mosses, and the branches intersect each other. The sea can be seen all around the Island; sometimes there are many white caps, other times the sea is very calm and quiet, and the snow-capped mountains in the far distance make a beautiful background.

The long winter nights are almost here. At five in the evening we light our lamps, and at five in the morning. We have had one or two light snows and plenty of rain. I believe that is real Alaska weather. Nobody seems to mind rain here, the more rain we have, the happier everybody is.

A day or two after I reached Wood Island, Mrs. Coe was taken sick, and was confined to her bed a week or two. That was quite a disappointment to me, especially as I needed her help and advice concerning the work I was about to take up. I was obliged to depend upon Dr. Coldwell for all information, but I managed to pick up some ins and outs of the work.

I shall like the work after I become more settled, and this is no sinecure. I am interested in each child. At first I was quite discouraged, as it seemed as if I could never learn their names, and numbers, but that is the easiest part of it now. The children all have their work to do, and have been well

trained; the older girls do the washing, scrubbing, mending; the middle sized girls do the darning, making beds, sweeping, and the smallest bring in wood, and can do many little things, for it is the little things, so often, that take up so much of our time.

There is plenty of work to be done here. We rise at 5.30 A.M. and retire at 8, 7, 8 and 8.30 P.M., and we are busy up to that time. We not only have our work for temporal needs, but we have our mid-week prayer meeting, led by Mr. Coe or Mr. Coldwell; our Sabbath School and church service, where we receive spiritual blessings, and help and strength, sitting us to take up the work for another week. Our Wednesday night service is a helpful one to me, the children always take part in this meeting, and when we see their earnestness, we cannot shirk our duty; we are strengthened to do our part also.

Mr. and Mrs. Coe are lovely people. Mr. Coe is always the same. It seems to me when he speaks, his tone of voice is just the same as when he is in social conversation. They have both done a good work here, won the hearts of the natives, and their judgment is used in all matters.

Mrs. Coe's health is miserable, the least thing will upset her, and she is looking forward to her return to the States next June. I do not want to think of it, because it will be so hard to get a man to fill Mr. Coe's place.

I was very much surprised to find so many conveniences. Both houses are comfortably furnished, sewing machines, knitting machines, organs, weaving machines, etc. So many things I notice that are just like what we have at home, that I do not feel outside the world at all.

Our food is well cooked, and we do not live on fish, in fact, we have had very little fish so far, but fresh meat, fresh vegetables, etc., etc.

I am very comfortably situated, and contented. I trust I may prove a blessing, and be a blessing to others. As yet I have made some acquaintances, Mrs. Geas, Miss Clark, Mrs. Stone, and others.

We are all pretty well. At present there is an epidemic of colds; all are coughing, but trust it will soon be over. The children are looking forward to their first real hard snow.

I am not Grandma Campbell, but hope when I am Grandma Campbell's age, I may be somewhat like her.

Write me again. I enjoyed your letter, and trust I have answered your questions. Hope you are well, and busy at Tremont Temple. Remember me to all there, with love and best wishes, I am

Lovingly yours,
ELIZABETH CRAUMER.

THE lack of good roads has long been considered one of the great hindrances to the development of Alaska.

Therefore, we are pleased to note that the War Department has asked Congress for the sum of \$400,000 to expend on the construction of wagon roads in Alaska. It is the desire of the department to do more extensive work in this line next season than was accomplished last summer. The benefits already accruing as the result of the opening up of the northern country are extremely gratifying to those having the matter in hand, and the hearty endorsement of the efforts of Maj. Richardson, coming as they do from all parts of Alaska, will do much towards securing the additional amount required.

Corresponding Secretary's Column.

A RECENT paper gives an account of a valuable horse that was on the race course. He started in under unfavorable circumstances, but as he warmed up to the work, he gathered strength and power, and as the article stated, "He came in splendidly on the 'Home Stretch'". Not being familiar with sporting terms I found upon inquiry that a race horse is valued for his ability to win the goal. The animal may start off stiff and slow, but if, during the last of the course he has the ability to come in ahead, he is prized, and this last quarter of the course is called the "Home Stretch." We are not horses, and the only race we run is the one of which Paul speaks in First Corinthians, "So run that ye may obtain." Let us however take the term "Home Stretch" and apply it to our Woman's Society.

When the Board of Directors made up the schedule of work in June, 1906, we did not take up new work. Depending upon what our circles had done in former years, we kept on the same teachers and missionaries. Money came slowly into our treasury, and we were obliged to borrow money to meet our obligations. The interest money paid in 1906-7 was equal to the salary of one of our teachers. We went to our Annual meeting with the announcement that we must greatly reduce our work. The protest from our workers against such a policy made us hesitate. "Try us another year," came from more than one auxiliary. Several days were spent in careful planning by our Finance Committee, for the work of 1907-8. With keen sorrow we cut down our work in Alaska and in Spelman Seminary, and dropped entirely, work in Indian University and Little Rock, Arkansas. Relying upon the urgent request of our New England women that we wait another year before making a further reduction, we promised the support of sixty-seven teachers and missionaries. What has been the result? We have borrowed money to meet our obligations month after month. Only two months remain of the fiscal year. We must strain every nerve if we raise the \$44,000, which we placed as our goal at our meeting in Cambridge last May. Reader, do you realize how much depends upon the "Home Stretch," the last two months of our fiscal year? Spelman Seminary has suffered all through the year by the reduction we made in their appropriation last June. The beloved President, Miss Giles, has had anxious days and nights as she has tried to do the work necessary for the 601 girls, with three less teachers than last year. Shall we next June reduce the amount for that school still more? Hartshorn Memorial College is crowded with girls, and many have been turned away. Dr. Sale spent a week with the Home Mission schools of Richmond, Virginia, and he speaks in high terms of the excellent work accomplished at Hartshorn College, where we support four teachers. Shall we be compelled to cut off one or more? Enlargement is the cry at Water's Institute, Americus Institute and Florida Academy.

From Two Gray Hills, Crozier, New Mexico, comes a loud call for a Boarding School for the three thousand Navajo children who have no schools. A hospital is sorely needed here also. These men and women of the desert need our help. They know nothing about medicine, and the medicine

man burns and tortures the sick ones to drive out the evil spirit. A consecrated college-bred young couple are on this field. Dr. Chivers said to me, "Mr. Thayer is one of the choicest men I know, and his wife is one with him in his work." These people are willing to bury themselves in this lonely spot, away from civilization, among a Christless ignorant people, if Christians in the East will support them in their undertakings. Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico have sent beseeching letters asking for reinforcements. Instead of doing aggressive work, unless our circles and individuals "come in splendidly on the 'Home Stretch'", during the next two months, we cannot carry forward the work we now have in hand. Shall we see grand God-given opportunities for the advancement of the Kingdom slip by us? Or shall we with renewed courage and zeal, by personal work and self-denial, send into our treasury by March 31st, \$44,000? It rests with the women of New England to answer these questions.

—M. C. REYNOLDS.

How to Prepare for a Speaker.

ACCEPT the proposed date, if possible.

Having accepted a date, look upon it as a contract. Announce the date and hour of the meeting in the public press; also the full name, the official position, if an officer, the name of field, if a teacher.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Have the meeting noticed in the church calendar, or from the pulpit, and send by mail or give personal invitations.

Talk about your meeting and your speaker. Urge those whom you know to attend the meeting and to invite others.

Many meetings fail of their purpose because they have not been well advertised, and because the few are brought in touch with the work rather than the many who might have been enthused.

ENTERTAINMENT.

Inform your speaker of the best way of reaching your place. Send her a local time-table, and give her the exact name of the station and of the post-office, if different, and name and address of the one who is to entertain her.

Meet her at the depot.

Whenever possible, give her a warm room in winter, and a room to herself. She may come to you wearied from much speaking and travel, and must have opportunity for writing and meditation, as well as preparation for her address. A good night's rest is essential; therefore do not insist upon late hours unless unavoidable.

THE MEETING.

Give the speaker as much time as possible, deferring unnecessary business. At the close of the meeting take special pains to introduce her to those present.

(From *Home Mission Monthly*.) (Pres.)

FOR the Bands—A Missionary Calendar.—Twelve pieces of (not too heavy) cardboard. At top of each have a picture of some of the mission stations, or schools. Tie together with bright ribbon. Write on, each month, the names of the children who bring in their birthday offering that month.

You will be surprised at the awakened interest in the schools and work represented by the special month of each child. Change the field each year, to give wider information and interest.

The Letter Box.

LODGE GRASS, MONT., Dec. 6th, 1907.

DEAR MRS. RETNOLDS.

I was glad to receive a letter from you, but had not felt at all neglected.

I can imagine the missionaries at the rooms are just as busy as missionaries on the field. If I can write you any thing that will rekindle or deepen the interest of old friends of this Mission or any thing to interest new friends in the Crow Indians, I do it gladly.

Mrs. Petsoldt taught a week of school before I came. I did not get here any too soon, the work was crowding and has been crowding ever since.

The second week of October, in charge of eight of my oldest school girls, I attended the Indian Fair at Crow Agency. I expected to be obliged to go in camp with the girls, but Major Reynolds, the agent of this reservation gave us quarters at the government school. The superintendent and all connected with the school gave us a cordial welcome and a pleasant time.

I never expected to see so many Indians together nor witness such sights as is seen at an Indian Fair. A thousand or more Indians were there and all were mounted on ponies. The fair lasted a whole week and then the Indians were slow to leave their pleasure grounds. We went the Saturday before it began and were there to see the long trails of Indians coming in from the different districts. They brought with them their long teepees, poles, tents, ponies, dogs and all their movable possessions. I think even London or Boston would turn out to see a parade of this kind. When the chiefs came, mounted on painted horses, dressed in their gay regalias, war bonnets on their heads, bows and arrows and war clubs in their hands, and gave a few war whoops, it reminded the few white bystanders of the stories their grandparents had told them of the Revolutionary times.

My great grandfather, John Griewold, was a soldier of the Revolution.

One day quite an exciting historical fact of Custer's time was re-enacted on their race track.

Sometime during Custer's skirmishes a Crow Chief shot a Cheyenne Chief, and the Cheyenne fell from his horse, the Crow dismounting struck him a blow with his war club and then in great haste rode away. He thought he had killed him, but instead of striking him a blow on the head as he supposed he had struck a cow's horn which was a part of the Cheyenne's head gear and the Indian lived to tell the story. Both were at the fair this fall, and they repeated the story for the crowd, just as it happened and in true Indian style.

One evening with a party of nine others I went out to the camp to see the Indian Dance, and that was to me a weird but very picturesque picture. They do not care to have white spectators at the dance, nevertheless people come from many miles to see it.

The night I went they danced under the blue canopy of the starry heavens around three large bonfires to the time of the tom-toms. This is a time they make their greatest display of their fine apparel of paint and feathers. Some had their long black hair painted with horizontal white stripes, the faces of some were painted red, some yellow, some in stripes

and I noticed one odd looking one with a bright yellow painted face and a round scarlet spot on each cheek. It was the most grotesque and fantastic drill I ever witnessed.

All the school girls of the reservation had their ponies the week of the fair. All in charge of their teachers and matrons were kept together.

It had been a good many years since I rode horseback and I found it tiresome to stay in a saddle all day and somewhat hard to keep pace with a lot of Indian girls whose chief delight is to ride as fast as a pony can go.

Soon after the fair, Mr. Petsoldt began planning and making arrangements for our camp meeting. The Indians pitched their tents around our Mission Home. A small white village was established in a few days. We had very interesting meetings. Services were held in the school-building in the afternoons as soon as school closed and again at night. These people are very slow in coming to a decision and our hearts were made glad during these meetings when Gros Ventre (Gro-Von), Pretty Enemy, Kills Pretty One, Finds All, Plain Skating, and others, came out bravely from among the others and said they wanted to cut off their old sins and walk in the Jesus Road. I think the happiest and most precious time of the whole week is at our Sunday morning prayer and testimony meetings.

Last Sunday morning Mr. Petsoldt wanted the members of the church and the new converts to tell why they had chosen the new life. He told them that the young educated men, those who have been away to the Indian schools had told him several times that these who had come to walk in the Jesus Road did not understand what it meant. That they did as they were asked to do, thinking it meant material prosperity. Before the interpreter could finish interpreting, Gros Ventre was on his feet, and as he gathered his gay blanket about him and stepped a few paces out into the room, as a preface to what he had to say, I wish you could have seen his face. Before his conversion he had led a very sinful life, but as he stood there with a grave, earnest face, he seemed to gather dignity. He spoke with that earnestness which is characteristic of the Indian and although we could not understand his words we felt that he understood what he was talking about.

This is a part of what he said: "These young men are in the wrong. They can read books but they don't read. They don't tell us the right way to live. I can't read books. I am walking like a horse with bridle and blinds. I can't see much, but I see Jesus all the time. I come in this road to see Jesus."

Christian work at Lodge Grass is just in its infancy and we need the prayers and support of God's people in other places. Just at present we are very busy with our Christmas program and other Christmas preparations. We are working hard to give these Crow Indians "A Merry Christmas."

Yours in our Master's service,

AUGUSTA G. CURTIS.

(Hum Sing, the writer of this letter is a leading citizen of Butte, Montana. We are grateful for his words of recommendation of our new teacher, Miss Mae Taber, who writes hopefully and happily of her work there.)

BUTTE, MONT., Dec. 19, 1907.

Mrs. M. C. RETNOLDS, BOSTON, MASS.

Dear Friend:—Suppose you may think I am forgotten about you as I not write you for some time, the reason I not write because I was the busy man all the time.

Now I tell you one thing making me very, very glad, as we had the new supt., Miss M. Taber who came here about the second day of Dec. I believe I will getting a long nicely with her, and hope I can with her always even the end of the world. I will close, hope you will excuse for short letter this time. Wish you Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Sincerely yours,

H. W. SING.

Home Mission Echoes

Christmas at Echo Mission.

VELARDE, NEW MEXICO, Jan. 2, 1908.

SCHOOL opened at the Mission October the seventh. Only a small number of pupils entered at the beginning. For various reasons, of which I need not now speak, the parents of former pupils were slow in sending their children.

The Government School for Indians, at Santa Fe, was open to any who had a strain of Indian blood in his veins, and that school fed and housed them. One Roman Catholic public school offered inducements hitherto unheard of, and the school was to open in the new school building in December, and the teacher was to be the educated daughter of a former representative in the Territorial Legislature. None of these things moved us, however, and by the middle of November, twenty-one pupils were enrolled in the grammar room, and twenty in the primary and intermediate departments of the Mission. Forty-one in all. Not so many as in each room needs, to do good work with. A few who had been in the Mission in other years went to Santa Fe, to Government, or parochial schools, and a number of the older ones have married, or are away working in smelters, and mines, and on the railroad sections. So the Mission holds its regular stronger school spirit. As a friend in a philanthropic institution expressed the signs of progress in her work, "We are beginning to see the results of the work through the years."

Thanksgiving Day was observed, the Whittier's Centennial noted, and a large portrait of the poet, in a pretty, burned-cardboard frame hung in the schoolroom.

Then came the time of all the year, Christmas! Merry Christmas.

We did not ask for boxes this year. A belated box of last year, containing many dolls and pretty pictures book, was held in reserve for the little ones. Then the three teachers went to the store and bought hair-ribbons and pretty stick pins, for all the girls, neckties for the large boys, note books and pencils for the intermediates, and plenty of good candy for all.

Our teacher at Alcalde, Mrs. Helen McCarty, kindly loaned her pyrography set to the Mission, and one of the teachers, Miss Lake, and our own girls, Blanche, transformed crayon boxes into things of beauty by burning them in pretty designs, lining the bottoms with pretty silks, and tying the covers on with bright, new ribbon bows for hinges. Mr. Rishel had two of his boys bring a tree from the higher hills and when it was decorated and loaded it was beautiful. The tree was beautiful in itself, a white pine with its cones on.

Parents and friends came in, and the Bible verses, songs and a wand drill, given by nine girls, made for us all a happy afternoon. We used broomsticks for wands, and I wish you might have seen my five, sturdy boys, who polished the broomsticks, at work! Broken glass and sand paper were the tools used and the boys' wills and muscles the motor power! Even thick coats of paint on the sticks gave way to the vigor used, and when the shining polished wands were tied with pink girls they made a fine display. A special feature of the exercises was a fine graphophone loaned for the occasion by the sister of Mrs. Helen Hill-McCarty, our teacher at Alcalde.

It was sent from Emporia, Kansas, and arrived just in time for the Christmas exercises. When the school heard the "Glorious Song," from it, they all wanted to keep it. One of the teachers was remembered, also. A neatly hemstitched dresser scarf, with lace nicely sewed on the ends, and a tray cloth, double hemstitched, with the initial "E. R." worked in Kensington stitch outline, gives evidence that the larger girls have not forgotten all they learned in the days when we had an "industrial teacher." The best part of it is that the older girls are teaching the younger ones to do the things that they know how to do. Truly the seed is being scattered, and it is not all of it. The Father is taking care of it. "The birds of the air" get at the close of the exercises, all sang "Good night, good overmore He keeps you in His sight."

The song and the quiet beauty of the scene fell like a benediction, after the recent terrible tragedy at our very door, and we passed out into the glory of the sunset, tired in body, but saying in our hearts and from the lips, "Yes, it is slow, hard, obscure work, but in the name and by the power of Him, whose birthday has just been observed, these people may yet be redeemed and join with all the nations in praises to the Lamb that was slain.

ELIZABETH K. RISHEL.

Day by Day.

Give us this day, dear Lord, our daily bread;
We do not ask to-morrow's till it come;
But on the journey, day by day, are fed,
Until Thou guide us to our Heavenly home.

Give us this day the patience that we need,
So many little things our spirits try;
Give us the Word with eager love to heed,
Content, although our wish Thou mayst deny.

Give us this day Thy wisdom; when perplexed
We know not how to turn nor what to do;
Save us, we pray, from being weakly vexed,
And lead us, hour by hour, this one day through.

Give us this day the courage and the cheer
To face Thy foes, and ours, with look serene;
Reveal Thyself, so constant and so near,
That we shall see Thee, not a cloud between.

Give us this day more loyalty to Thee,
More hatred of the sin that wounds Thy heart;
More grace Thy loving followers to be,
Choosing in Thee, for aye, the better part.

Give us this day our own light cross to bear,
As though it bore us on to heights divine;
Give us to realize, Thy cross who share,
That still the heaviest end, dear Lord, is Thine.

Give us this day our daily bread;
Thou knowest all our wants. That want we bring,
And in Thy footsteps, Saviour, as we tread,
We hail Thee Master and we crown Thee King.

—Mrs. M. E. BANGS, in *Christian Intelligencer*.

IT was a great sorrow to the members of the Board to learn of the death of our teacher, Miss Alice Shorey, at her home in Baltimore, Md. Miss Shorey's health had for several weeks given great concern to her parents, and to Mrs. Duggan, with whom she was associated, in Ponce, Porto Rico. Consequently, Mrs. Duggan accompanied her to Baltimore late in October, and left her to the loving care of those nearest and dearest. From them she passed to the Home eternal, December 3, 1907. Sympathy and love go out from many hearts to the bereaved ones.



The American Baptist Home Mission Society

Editorial Notes

ONE of the perennial problems with local missionary organizations is how to maintain interest in the regular meetings. Variety is recommended frequently by speakers on the subject, but they refrain from giving details—the very practical thing. How to secure variety—that is the puzzle of the leaders and officers of circles and societies in our churches. We think the reading of the right kind of selections has not yet been tried to the extent that is desirable. Much depends upon the selection and possibly more upon the reader. For a change we suggest a conversation on some special missionary effort, or some particular field. Of course, there must be preparation. Half a dozen of the members, under a leader, must post themselves, so as to carry on an intelligent conversation. This may be made extremely interesting. An items gatherer is another good thing.

SPEAKING about readings, the Home Mission Society has just put in leaflet form for distribution the unusual story of Left Hand, the aged Arapaho chief, as told by himself. It would not be easy to find a more interesting twenty-minute reading than this, in which the veteran of many scalping episodes narrates his experiences, and at the close gives his testimony before baptism. What a naive statement is this: "If a man slaps me on the face and I don't get mad, then I think I will be a strong Christian." Yes, it takes grace for any man, be his skin white or red or yellow or black, to stand that kind of treatment and not get mad. And when he says, "My feelings are good every day," you can see how the old warrior has found the peace that passes understanding. Send for it, and read it in one of your meetings.

WE have from Mexico a remarkable account of the conversion of Father Pimentel, a Roman Catholic priest for thirty-two years, and a man of wide influence and first-rate ability. For months this priest studied the Bible, and his soul was burdened as he discovered that the way of salvation had been blocked up instead of opened to him by the teaching of his church. Then came his struggle, for persecution and ostracism and friendlessness had to be faced. He became acquainted with our missionary, Signor Barocio, pastor of the Mexican Baptist Church in the City of Mexico, and at length surrendered himself to the will of God. The light broke in upon him, and he withdrew from

his Roman Catholic connections and united with our church. This conversion has produced a profound impression, on account of the prominence and admittedly high character of the man. Not in years has our cause received an accession that promises to mean so much for the progress of the work in Mexico. The church was crowded at the time of his baptism, the papers gave his letter to the archbishop withdrawing from the priesthood, and the event has created much excitement, for Mr. Pimentel stood so high in the Romish Church that he was named as the likely candidate for a bishopric.

WHAT does the Home Mission Society do for the new communities in the rapidly growing sections? Here is one answer from the great State of Washington. At Las Camas, in the western part, a meeting house has been completed for the little church, and Missionary Superintendent Terry says: "It is another example of a Baptist church being erected where there would have been absolutely no hope of Baptist services without the assistance of the grand Home Mission Society. We want you to know that we appreciate the services you are performing in this part of the country."

MISSIONARY THAYER tells how the first girl pupils were found for the boarding school which has been opened in connection with the Navajo Mission by the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society. He says four little girls were wanted to begin with. Boys were to be had in plenty, but the girls were needed at home. The chance came when a family appealed for medical help. It was found that the mother and two children needed a doctor's care, while two other children, little girls, with a baby, completed the family. By taking the two girls to the school, and the sick ones to the hospital, the matter was settled for the good of all concerned.

TRANSFORM yourself in imagination to tropical Porto Rico, and attend one of our meetings in the town of Cidra. See it through the description of Rev. E. L. Humphrey, superintendent of missions, who has half a dozen fields to look after. He says: "We had a glorious meeting in Cidra last Friday night. I preached on the text, 'This is life eternal that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent,' and then baptised eleven new converts. It was the most beautiful baptismal service I have had in my life. The people were very respectful and thoughtful all through the service, and there was a

house full of them. The work there grows continually. In my absence the brethren of the church conduct the meetings. The Sunday school numbers from sixty to seventy-five, and the membership of the church is now eighty-three." Why not put this bit of evangelistic news, with its fervor and glow, into your prayer meeting?

LET these words of Dr. Chivers, referring to the evangelization of the immigrants, speak once more their message. "The Christian churches of America stand face to face with a tremendous task. It is a challenge to their faith, their loyalty, their devotion, their zeal. The accomplishment of it will mean not only the ascendancy of Christianity in the home land, but also the gaining of a position of vantage for world-wide evangelization."

HOW shall we write "progress" on the 365 pages of our life book this year? The answer will determine how much of it shall be made by our home circle, our church, our missionary cause. Nothing is to be dreaded more than stagnation. It will pay you richly to become interested in missions if from the mere motive of self-advancement. Study of missions will take you out of your local rut and petty round and bring you into touch with the broadest questions that concern the world. We commend missions to you as a means of progress, a panacea for down-heartedness, a cure for pessimism. Many good-intentioned people need nothing so much as to get out of themselves; and a live concern in missions will take them out.

A Missionary University.

BY GEORGE SALE, D.D.

A MISSIONARY university—that is what our Home Mission Society has established and is maintaining for Negroes in the South. This university has no precise location, unless we say that its headquarters are at the Home Mission Rooms, 312 Fourth Ave., New York, with Dr. H. L. Morehouse as its chancellor. It is composed of eleven colleges in nine states. Of these three are owned by Negro Baptist conventions, namely: State University, Louisville, Ky.; Arkansas Baptist College, Little Rock, Ark.; Alabama Baptist University, Selma, Ala. These are aided by yearly grants from the Society and are under the supervision of the superintendent of education. The remaining eight are owned and operated by the Society, with the cooperation of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society. Of these four are co-educational, viz., Shaw University, Raleigh, N. C.; Benedict College, Columbia, S. C.; Jackson College, Jackson, Miss., and Bishop College, Marshall, Texas. Two are exclusively for women, Hartshorn Memorial College, Richmond, Va., and Spelman Seminary, Atlanta, Ga., and two for men, Virginia Union University, Richmond, Va., and Atlanta Baptist College, Atlanta, Ga.

Scattered thus widely through the South, drawing support and inspiration from a single source, alike in purpose, spirit and results, these institutions may well be regarded as forming a great missionary university for the education of Negro men and women for higher service among their people.

THE FOUR DEPARTMENTS

This university has four main departments, academic, industrial, professional and theological. The academic depart-

ment is collegiate and preparatory. In most of these institutions there is a general collegiate course with few options, leading to the degree of A. B. This course is equal in a general way to those offered in the smaller colleges for whites in the South. The preparatory work includes the high-school branches, and more or less of the grammar grades, the work varying according to local conditions and needs, and the advantages offered by the public schools.

The work of the industrial department is extensive and varied. Throughout the discussions that have taken place as to the value of industrial education, the Home Mission Society has stoutly maintained its position that industrial education is second in importance to the training of the few for higher service as leaders of thought and action of the Negro race. Meantime it has shown its faith in industrial training by establishing industrial courses in all its schools. These courses have embraced wood and iron-work, gardening, dairying, agriculture, printing, the various branches of domestic science, dressmaking and millinery. A school which prepares men to preach, and at the same time manufactures at a profit in its shops pulpits for them to preach in and pews for their hearers, may surely claim to have successfully co-ordinated the industrial and higher branches of learning. That is what Arkansas Baptist College is doing at this moment.

It should always be borne in mind that we are not engaged in the education of the Negro people, but in the education of a few who shall serve as constructive leaders of the race, and for this the higher intellectual training is essential. At the same time, if all the industrial work of these eleven colleges were grouped together on one campus, it would make an imposing plant. As results of this industrial training we point to buildings built by student labor, of brick made by student hands, young men and women finding in school shops the way to useful occupations as carpenters, painters, blacksmiths, printers, dressmakers, milliners; graduates carrying forth from school industrial as well as moral and spiritual impulses; establishing schools that meet the needs of their communities; building homes that bespeak thrift and economy. Still the faith of our schools is that "the life is more than meat," and that the measure of the man is not the hand, however skilful, but the mind and the heart, and so we put the spiritual and intellectual first.

A REAL MISSIONARY WORK

Here then is one missionary university—a system of 26 schools, eleven of one collegiate grade and nineteen of high-school grade, with 349 teachers and 7,812 pupils, 480 of whom are students for the ministry, bound together by a common tie and that tie their common relation to our Home Mission Society. Thus are we not only conducting our own schools,



CLASS IN COOKING—SPELMAN SEMINARY

but through friendly counsel and co-operation moulding largely the educational work of the Negro Baptists.

"I call this a missionary university. Does any one ask: Is this real missionary work? If one defines the word missionary in terms of the great commission the answer must be yes; for we are, in our schools directly, and indirectly in every hamlet in the South through the men and women whom we train, making disciples and teaching them to observe all things that the Lord has commanded. What matters it if the missionary institution is a church or a school if the thing is done?"

This is the great thing. This is what our Christian denominations have done in their southern work. This is our glory and crown of rejoicing, who have made this thing possible. We have brought it to pass that the great body of Negroes who have had training above that of the grammar school have had that training at the hands of Christian teachers in Christian schools, and that the great majority of educated Negroes are Christian men and women.

What a unique task this whole matter of our Negro work presents! Whenever was a Christian people presented with such a task as our fathers faced when Lincoln's famous proclamation went into effect! Some there are who say that this is not missionary work. Do they consider how unprecedented the situation was and is and how inadequate ordinary methods to meet it? It is easy for us to find fault and to point out mistakes. Do we consider that there was no experience to guide the way and that the mistakes that were made were those of enthusiasm and high hope, that they were of slight importance compared with the vast good accomplished, and that far worse than these would be mistakes of apathy and indifference now?

A Day at Ortiz

BY REV. ALEX. TURNBULL

A BELATED train is not usually a cause for congratulation, but when it gives an extra hour in bed on a cold, grey, winter morning, and enables one to set forth at a reasonable time of day, after a comfortable breakfast, it may become a real benediction. So it transpired that in a very contented frame of mind and with the hearty Godspeed of kind friends, we left Alamora, Colo., for Antonito and Ortiz, where our Mexican church and mission school are located.

An hour's run across the level plain, and here is Antonito, but where is Brother Jeantet? Usually the preacher can be distinguished in the crowd. Yes, there is one, but he proves to be a Methodist, Brother Salazar, who knows Brother Jeantet, and very courteously undertakes to find him. It proves to be an easy task for he is just coming down the street, and soon we are off in an open wagon for our six mile drive to Ortiz.

On the journey from Pueblo up the Grand Canon of the Arkansas and over Poucha Pass, we had been admiring winter on the mountains, where the rugged heights reared their glistening summits in the brilliant sunshine, and the snow lying thick on the ground dazzled our eyes as we toiled up the heavy grades, but now we were to make a closer acquaintance with the Frost King, and had hardly cleared the outskirts of the town, before snow and wind assailed us with tempestuous energy, as if they would drive us out of his realm. Things

looked a bit "aqualy" for half an hour, but then came a glint of blue, a ray of sunshine, and by the time we reached Ortiz the storm was over, and after a brief "shaw out," we hastened to the School, where Miss Leland presides.

Imagine a long, low adobe building with a small window and a narrow door in the side by which we enter; then a room, possibly 12 x 18, with 40 scholars, a teacher, baby organ, chairs, tables and other school paraphernalia, not forgetting a stove, packed into it, and you will wonder where the two visitors found room to stand, sit or talk. Here we found pupils grading from black-eyed infants, thumbing alphabet primers, up to big boys and girls doing fair work in arithmetic and history, and one even breaking ground in Latin. One thinks of such schools as representing by-gone days and fading traditions; but here is the veritable reality planted in the centre of the continent, and reminding us that our tasks are by no means ended, if we are to give these primitive people a fair share of the knowledge and Christian training that have done so much for us. Even if at most we only break the shell of ignorance and furnish some crumbs of knowledge to these fledglings in the paths of wisdom, we shall have made a beginning that will lead to their ultimate emancipation from intellectual and spiritual bondage and set them in the highway of true education.

Give your sympathy and prayers to Miss Leland in her lonely, arduous service, and help to hasten the day when in their new room and with better appliances, more and worthier work may be done for this backward community.

The most pressing need apparent during our visit was a broken window pane or a hole in the roof; for good ventilation always produces better work. Some of the scholars can read nicely in English and some can cipher much as American children do, when they add on their fingers and jar the multiplication table a bit. We had not time to test the knowledge of many of the pupils, but they are all hungry to learn, and can sing and listen well, even when addressed through an interpreter.

Then came dinner in a Mexican home, where we were most hospitably entertained, and found the fruitage of the helpful training received at "Echo Mission," Velarde, N. M., by the mother of the family.

At 2 P.M. a general assembly of the Christian portion of the community took place at the school. Tables and school appliances were piled up at one end of the room, and some fifty or sixty persons, young and old, packed into the available space. There was singing, then prayer and testimony, Brother Jeantet directing and interpreting when necessary. The writer gave another address, which was kindly received, and called forth some remarks from the Mexican brethren. One man in particular made an earnest appeal to his countrymen to profit by the advantages offered them to fit themselves for the higher duties of life. Brief addresses by Miss Leland and Brother Jeantet brought this most interesting service to a close. A hearty farewell was given by all present and we returned to Antonito filled with gratitude for the experience of the day; full of admiration for the spirit of devotion and earnestness manifested by Miss Leland and Brother Jeantet who live in the hearts of the people; and deeply touched by the crying need of this place, that we believe will yet, by the mighty power of the gospel, and of faithful Christian teaching, become a source of light and blessing to the whole region round about.



ONE OF THE TWO GRAY HILLS



SHIP ROCK

Some Interesting Facts about the Navajo Indian and his Blanket

BY M. S. RANDEN, D. D.

THE Navajo Indians, (pronounced Navaho), occupy a large reservation about half of it in the northwest corner of New Mexico, and the other half in the northeast corner of Arizona. It is a rough, mountainous, barren region, where they and their animals find a scanty subsistence. Here and there is a patch of ground which can be made productive by damming some stream or "arroyo."

They have been a very warlike people, but since being confined upon their reservation, have adjusted themselves to its hard conditions to the best of their ability. The Government has never fed these Indians as it has many of the other tribes, and individual industry has been developed to a large extent. There are no more faithful laborers, white, black, or red, than the Navajo Indians. One of the remarkable traits of character of these laborers is their great faithfulness. If you set them a task, they will work at it just as faithfully if you are absent as if you are present.

The women have much greater influence in all family affairs than is generally found among the Indian people. They own all the sheep and goats. They weave all the blankets. Most of the cattle are owned by the women. The men own the ponies.

The women and children care for the sheep, goats and cattle, leading them to the best pastures and carefully bringing them to their permanent or temporary home at night. This is largely due to the fact that the men usually go long distances from the settlement to cultivate their crops and sometimes are gone weeks at a time, living in a temporary shelter near their fields.

CRUDE METHODS OF AGRICULTURE

When the Indians have found a small stream or "arroyo," which will supply enough water to be used on their little fields, they immediately divide up the labor and the acreage, and each person who is to have the benefit of the land, must do his share in building the dams and bringing the water to the fields.

Usually the streams flow but a month or two in the spring, drying up as the snow from the mountains melts away, so that what they do in the way of getting the water on the land has to be done in the very early spring.

The first thing is to throw up an embankment around the little patch, usually less than an acre, which the Navajo is intending to cultivate. These embankments are usually about a foot high. The water is then turned into them until they are about level full, and then is allowed to soak away so that the soil is thoroughly saturated.

As soon as the water disappears, the Navajo, with a sharp stick, makes holes in the mud at regular intervals over his little field, and drops in his seed corn. All the cultivating is done with a hoe.

The Navajo has to watch his crop from the time it comes up until it is gathered in the fall. Usually, there is a division of labor and one man will watch half a dozen fields, the owners taking it in turn.

They are a very thrifty, industrious people. As soon as they are relieved from the care of the crops, the men seek employment either on or off the reservation, while the women, when relieved from the care of their flocks and herds, immediately busy themselves with the weaving of their blankets.

Their looms are very crude; simply two poles set on the ground with a cross-piece at the top, over the center of which runs a cord or rope, one end of which is attached to a shorter cross-piece which holds the upper ends of the warp, the other being fastened in such a way as to allow the blanket as woven, to be rolled up at the bottom, at the same time that the upper ends of the warp are lowered. These looms and the weaving are always in the open air, never inside; their hogans or huts being too small and not adapted to the purpose.

THEIR DWELLINGS

These differ from the light skin or cloth tepees with which most of our people are familiar. They are usually built of stone or adobe, (sundried brick), daubed with mud instead of plaster. They are usually from ten to eighteen feet in diameter and are always round.

When the walls have been built about four feet high, they begin the roof by gradually drawing in, usually using poles



A NAVAJO HORSEMAN



MAKING ADORN: SUN-DRIED MUD BRICKS

and building up until the opening is only five or six feet across. This is left open summer and winter. The fire is always built in the exact center and the smoke escapes through this large opening. With this large amount of ventilation, offensive odors cannot gather as in other forms of Indian dwellings.

SOME OF THEIR SUPERSTITIONS.

They believe that all sickness is caused by evil spirits and their priests, who are also their medicine men, always seek to locate the evil spirit which may have assumed one of many forms.

Sometimes the evil spirit does not have bodily form, but whatever the form, there must be a three days' dance, and a great feast given to all the people and usually the medicine man fixes his bill at exactly the number of sheep, goats, cattle and ponies, which he knows the family to possess.

NAVAJO BLANKETS

Gradually as the younger Indians are educated in the schools they give up their native Indian work. A few years ago, an Indian tanned buffalo robe could be had at almost any price, now they cannot be obtained for love or money, and the art of tanning and dyeing buffalo robes has become extinct.

It will be just so with the Navajo blankets. Already the traders, ever anxious to increase their profits, are introducing a cheap grade of yarn already dyed, and a cotton warp, in order to cheapen production. Thousands of counterfeit Navajo blankets have been made in factories in the East, and sold all over the country as genuine Navajo blankets. One has to pay very close attention in these days, in order to be sure that he is getting, not a white man's blanket, but an Indian's.

The best blankets now come from the hands of Navajos, far from the railroads, for there they have not yet learned to

cheapen their blankets by using poor materials. They own their own sheep and prepare their own yarn, dye it themselves, and use nothing but wool warp.

These blankets are woven from their own designs and no two of them are ever alike, because the women, sitting on the ground before their crude looms, weave into their blankets the pictures in their minds at that time.

They are used for rugs, couch covers, portieres, and decorations, and will wear a lifetime even under very hard usage. We have in our own home, Navajo blankets that have been in constant wear for twelve or fifteen years without perceptible change in appearance, except that the colors become brighter.

The prices are advancing and the next few years will probably see genuine Indian blankets double in value, for as the years go by, they become more and more rare and difficult to get.

OUR MISSION WORK AMONG THEM

We have but one mission among these very bright and interesting people, and this is located more than eighty miles from the railroad, in the very heart of the reservation.

Here, as elsewhere among the Indians, the Gospel is winning its way. Already several have been converted, but this does not in any wise measure the real results of our mission work. The truth has been lodged in thousands of darkened minds, there to be cared for by the Holy Spirit until the individual is led to accept the Gospel.

One mission among more than twenty thousand people does not measure our obligation to these people, for whom Christ died. Repeated requests have come for the establishment of a mission on the Western part of the reservation, about seventy-five miles from our present mission, and only the lack of funds in our mission treasury has prevented its establishment. Some of us have been waiting, hoping and praying that the money might be provided this year for this purpose.



Our Little Folks

A New Plan.

Contributions for this department will be welcomed by the Editor.



This dear little girl came into the office, recently, with her grandmother, to bring her contribution to the Alaska work. "Grandma brought her pennies, so I brought mine." Grandma's contribution was in silver, and little Margaret's "pennies" were all five cent pieces. A good example for the "big folks."

An Omission

Perhaps you think it's easy
For a little four-year midge
To look up big, two-story words
In Webster On-the-bridge.
But the book's consid'able heavy,
An' kind of hurts your knees.
An' there's pages 'n' pages 'n' pages
From the A's clear to the Z's.
I thought I'd look up U-rope,
But I didn't find it there;
An' then I looked up 'Merica,
An' that wasn't anywhere.

I'm s'prised at Mr. Webster!
Seems 'a if it was a sin;
He might leave other countries out,
But not to put 'Merica in!—Suzanna.

Dear Little Folks.—

Do you know our little tepees? If not just write to Mrs. McWhinnie, 510 Tremont Temple, and she will send you some. They are the cutest little mite boxes, shaped and decorated like a real Indian wigwam, except that these are not colored. A hole in one side is where the pennies are to be dropped in and when I showed the little tepees to our little kindergartners they were all eager to carry one home. I gave each child a tepee in May, and the teacher wrote on each box the word "September," so there would be no mistake about the time when they were to be brought in. Three weeks before the opening I told them that one little girl had brought me hers, and I had a plan to propose. As fast as the boxes were brought they should be numbered, and when a good many were in, we would arrange them on a table to look like an Indian camp. Helen's box, the first brought in, should be the chief's wigwam, and the others should be arranged around it in the order of their numbers. We would pretend that the Kiowas were having a "Jesus meeting." The tepees came in very fast after that and soon it was the day for the opening. All the kindergartners and the Precious Jewels were asked, and some of their mamas came too. The church parson were made gay with flowers, and in the back room was the Indian camp. We kept the door shut while we were making it; up against the big folding doors we pushed a table and put a brown cloth over it. Perhaps a green one would have been better, but we didn't have one, so we "pretended" the sun had burnt all the grass. Up in the further corner was Rainy Mountain. You have read the name in the *Ecnomas*. (It was only a flower pot on some books—under the cloth, but you needn't tell anyone.) On the mountain was a big American flag (nine inches by four.) At the foot of the mountain we built a shelter for the ponies out of dried twigs and yarrow leaves. On the opposite corner "across the arid plain," a long white ribbon river "wound its silver way," held in place by pins and with twigs of golden rod for trees along its banks. In the front left corner was a picture of an Indian church, the meeting house and the people. This was cut from the *Ecnomas* pasted on a bent card or that it would stand upright by the aid of pins, and a fence of yarrow leaves laid around it with green powder sprinkled on the paper for grass. Between the church and the river was the encampment. Helen's wigwam with a tiny American flag stuck in the top, in the centre and all the others in circles around it. Pictures of Indian men and women and boys, and girls were fastened to the table in among the tents, and it was a pretty sight. You should have seen the faces of the little folks as they came in to look at the "village." And best of all, when they and their mamas had all seen it, we broke the boxes open and we had five dollars! Weren't we glad! And so will you be if you get some tepees and have a "Jesus Meeting" of your own.

FANNY LINCOLN STORY.

(It is hoped that more of these attractive little boxes will be ready by February 1st. Free, but please send postage. Order of Mrs. James McWhinnie, 510 Tremont Temple.)

Alaska Christmas Candles.

Of all the babies living in the world, you will agree,
That the baby in Alaska has the queerest Christmas tree,
For it's lighted up with candles that are gathered from the sea.

For when people in Alaska want to see to work at night,
Or make their children's Christmas trees all beautiful and
bright,
They have oily little fishes that will furnish them a light.

They catch them, and they dry them, and they draw a little
wick

Through the bodies of the fishes, which are not so very thick,
And they stand them like a candle in a little candlestick.

And that's why, of all the babies in the world, you will agree,
The baby in Alaska has the queerest Christmas tree,
For it's lighted up with candles that are gathered from the sea
—Exchange.

These are letters from the little folks at the Orphanage at
Wood Island, Alaska.

WOOD ISLAND, ALASKA, Sept. 20, 1907.

MY DEAR MRS. McWHINNIE:—

I will write you a little letter. I am learning fast. Miss
Breece is teaching us good. We are learning fast. We have
a good teacher in this school room. Miss Breece is a good
teacher. She teaches us good. The night school is beginning.
My mamma and my papa are going in the night school every
night. I am going to school every day. When I am working
I am not going to school. The school children are drawing a
school picture. We have a good lesson in this First Reader.
We are learning reading and numbers. I like to go to school.
We have hard words in this second reader. We have good
songs in this school. I love Miss Breece and Mamma Coe.
I love Papa Coe and Edna Coe. She teaches us good. I am
in Miss Breece's room. I am in the First and in the Second
Reader. Miss Craumer is in the Mission. The cows came
from the steamer.

STEPONITA CHYA.

WOOD ISLAND, ALASKA, Sept. 20, 1907.

DEAR MRS. McWHINNIE:—

I am going to tell you about our place. Papa Coe and Mr.
Coldwell are our preachers. This morning a big bark came in.
Her name was Sea King. She brought 750 tons of coal. She
stayed over night on Wood Island and in the morning a steam-
er came from Kodiak, the name was Tyronic. She towed the
bark into Kodiak. While she was passing we marched in the
line from school and went down to the beach and stood in the
line. Then we sang a song, after we stopped singing the men
on the bark played music. We have five geese and many
ducks. I like to go to school. I am in the fourth grade.

We sing Abide with Me, the girls sing soprano and the boys
sing alto. I am 14 years old. Katie is over in Kodiak.

I am glad that I came to the Baptist Mission to learn about
Jesus.

The people are beginning to catch salmon. Miss Craumer
is our new teacher.

Your friend,

GABRIEL.



Courtesy Boston Alaskan.

An Alaskan Bear and a Boston Boy.

BOSTON and Alaska met when the above photograph
was taken on the deck of the S.S. Portland, en route
for Alaska.

The two year-old Bostonian, who accompanied his
parents on a trip to the "great land," shows no sign of fear of
the Alaskan bear cub; and the two babies appear to be on very
friendly terms. The picture might well typify the attitude
of Boston and the East toward Alaska.

If, in 1925, when the little Bostonian attains his majority,
a copy of the paper containing his photograph were to come
to light in the editorial sanctum of some progressive Eastern
newspaper, the editor would have at hand material for a leader
which, in reviewing the wonderful development of Alaska
during a score of years, would interest a public by that time
as closely in touch with the affairs of Alaska, as present-day
readers are with the happenings in Pennsylvania or California.

—Boston Alaskan by per.

I asked an Indian boy in Alaska, this summer of what
tribe he was. In turn, he asked me what I was, and on my
replying "I am an American," he said, "So am I."

FRANK T. BATLEY, D.D.